

ON A BROKEN SHIP

A Crew's Perilous Night Off
Long Branch Beach.Cries From Out the Dark Sea
Summon the Coast Guard.A Timely Signal and a
Thrilling Song.True Tales From the Life
Savers' Logbook.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

ON A DENSE fog, on the evening of March 1, 1899, the Nova Scotia bark W. J. Stovis was moving along the upper New Jersey shore under a light breeze. Mate McAuley had climbed into the rigging to keep a lookout for the lights of the Highlands and Sandy Hook beacons, which he supposed to be not far away. The fog and darkness combined were so thick that he could not see the length of the vessel. The only sign to tell the mariners their true position was the roar of a tremendous surf caused by the breaking of a long easterly ground swell upon shore, and that shore was the outer bar off the beach of Long Branch, although this the men on shipboard could not divine. The bark sailed slowly under light canvas, making a west course. At 9:30 she struck on the bar, 350 yards from the bluff, and all hands quickly sprang on deck and tried to head the vessel off shore. The wind was so light, however, that she wouldn't move off as the sea lifted her higher and higher upon the bar. In that position the waves broke over her, gradually swaying the hull until it lay broadside to the sea, receiving its full force. The bulkheads were quickly torn loose and carried overboard, and the tons of water coming down on the decks stole them in, showing those on board that the ship's doom was sealed, though they fondly believed she would hold out until daylight.

The sailors could do nothing but try to save themselves. The hatchways were cut to let the sails run down, fagots made of oakum soaked with oil were lighted for signals of distress, and the men took refuge on the highest part of the deck preparatory to launching their boat. The wreck lay off the bluffs where they rise 25 feet in height, but not even these nor the houses upon them could be seen, except through an occasional rift in the fog. No answer coming from offshore to their signal torches, the sailors gave up all hope of summoning help through that means. The boat was their last resource, although its chances in that wild surf were not much better than those of the wreck itself. While they were loosening tackle and getting out the oars a tremendous sea swept over and carried it away, breaking the davits like pipe stems. Life lines were then strung along the deck, and the men, believing they were doomed to a night of it on the wreck, took refuge upon the cabin roofs and the rails on the port side, which, owing to the listing of the ship seaward, arose some feet out of the water. As hours passed on, realizing their extreme peril, they from time to time hallooed at the tops of their voices, hoping to attract the attention of some one at the houses whose dim outlines they had seen early in the evening. These forlorn cries at last penetrated the cluster of cottages on the bluffs of the west end, Long Branch. One of the occupants aroused his household and hurried to the beach, where he lit a fire to encourage the men whose voices he had heard out at sea. At the same time a watchman at the West End hotel, hearing the same cries, hurried to the Long Branch life saving station, a mile below the wreck.

Notwithstanding the admirable system of beach patrols sent out by the life saving corps, the presence of the wreck had escaped their attention. At that point on the beach the patrols are compelled to walk along the bluff because the sand shore is broken by a series of jetties extending from the bluff out beyond low water mark. In day and stormy nights travel is slow and also hazardous along the rows of piling which form the jetties and act as a breakwater. On the night of the wreck of the Stovis the patrol passed southward along the beach, but there were no sounds from the sea to warn him of danger until near midnight, when he was far to the south of the scene, with the wind blowing in his face.

The hotel watchman alarmed the station at 2 o'clock, and Keeper Green, with all his crew and the beach apparatus, reached the spot where the fire was burning on the sand at a quarter before 3 o'clock. The dim outline of sails and spars could be seen through the fog, but there was no sign of life on board the wreck. The first shot line was fired from the beach mortar at 8 o'clock, and fortunately it fell across the mainmast, where the active mate, McAuley, climbed up and seized it, passing it into the hands of those on deck. The masts were already swaying terribly before the mate sprang aloft, for the ship was fast going to pieces under the power of the sea.

Hardly had McAuley left the tops when the mainmast and foremast together fell with an awful crash that sounded on shore and seemed to those there anxiously watching the fate of the ship like the rattle of musketry. As soon as the mast came down the stern of the vessel, where the imperiled sailors had congregated, broke off just forward of the mizen rigging, leaving the hull in two entirely severed parts. The stern was listed offshore, with the port rail in the water and the sailors clinging to the starboard rail. All of this was invisible to the life savers on the beach, but in a short time they learned that there was life on board the wreck, which they knew, by the fearful sounds coming from it, must be a perilous refuge. The line they had shot athwart her masts

was being hauled on board. The unfortunate men on the wreck understood the meaning of the shot line and hauled away until they got the tailblock, which they fastened securely, and shouted to the people on shore. Keeper Green then prepared to send out the hawser which carries the life buoy, when, to the dismay of those on shore, the sound of another crash came from the wreck, followed by deathly stillness. The fog had again become so thick that the life savers could no longer see the wreck.

The last falling of the masts had been fatal to one soul on board, and the entire party of 13 remaining had barely escaped. The mizenmast had fallen over the side, causing the stern where the men were to career suddenly and throw all hands into the water. Then the life lines stretched across deck early in the evening once more came into play. The sailors caught them and struggled through the flood of water to the opposite rail, which was thrown high out of water. It was a life and death battle, and some of the strongest creeds to the masts for help, but all except the cabin boy crossed over and laid hold of the safety rail.

A sailor passed a rope to the lad as he struggled in the water; but, weakened from long exposure, he soon let go and was swept off by a wave. But for the life lines stretched across the decks many others would have been lost in the catastrophe, which increased the peril in more ways than one. The whip block and lines sent off to the wreck by the life savers had been fastened to the inshore side of the ship's stern, and the mizenmast went overboard these under water beyond the reach of the sailors. This fact could not be signaled to the men on the beach, owing to the thick fog, and they hauled away gallantly to pull the life buoy hawser off to the wreck. In a short time it worked freely, and a jagged end soon came in, showing that it had been torn apart either when the masts fell or by the chafing of a mass of wreckage lying upon it in the water. The silence of death reigned over the wreck, and the surfmen feared that the last crash they had heard meant the end for all on board. It was nearly 4 o'clock in the morning, but so thick that further attempts to get a line off would only be a waste of strength and ammunition. Keeper Green decided to wait for daylight and placed all the beach apparatus in readiness, with the mortar loaded, ready for the first break in the wall of fog and darkness. Occasionally a slight breeze would lift a bank of the fog near shore, and at every such lightening a Coast signal was burned in hopes that



THE COAST SIGNAL.

It could be answered by the wrecked men if any were alive. Several were burned without effect. The surfmen thought surely that the remorseless sea had stifled the voices of the midnight and paralyzed the arms that had hauled away gallantly on the line shot athwart the wreck. But suddenly the faint notes of a single throat singing huskily were heard above the roaring surf. Slowly and plaintively at first the song arose from the lips of an old negro, the steward of the ship, half submerged in the water and clinging for life to a swaying rope. As the singing progressed the voice grew stronger and more hearty, so that the people on shore distinguished the last line of a verse which told them their signal had been seen and its meaning understood. The words continued:

Who wept with joyful tears
When they saw the honored flag they hadn't
Hardly could they be restrained from bursting
into cheers—
While we were marooned through Georgia.

The burning of the Coast light beamed to the old slave of the Stovis the message of another "day of deliverance," and when he reached the chorus a dozen voices around him joined in with an energy that dispelled all doubt as to there being life on board the wreck:

Hurrah, hurrah, he'll sound the jubilee!
Hurrah, hurrah, the flag that makes you free!
The hearty outburst rising as a climax to the faint voice which preceded it acted like magic upon the anxious surfmen, dispelling their fear and their wonder. Spurred with a fresh desire to save the unfortunate, they ran out into the surf and shouted back words of encouragement that were no longer wasted, because the sea had driven the wreck, little by little, nearer shore. At daybreak the poor fellows could be seen from the beach as they lay struggling in the water, with wreckage pounding about and threatening to tear them loose from their holds. Many had lost half their clothing and were bruised and bleeding from their contact with broken timbers, the blows of falling or floating rigging and the hammering of the great waves. With daybreak the fog dissolved so that the surfmen could bring their line gun to bear. The first shot broke the line, but the second carried it within reach of the sailors, who quickly hauled out the gear for the breeches buoy. In half an hour from the time the wreck was sighted 13 survivors had been landed on their way to the station, where a hot breakfast and dry clothing awaited them.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

Four Big Successes.

Having the needed merit to more than make good all the advertising claimed for them, the following four remedies have reached a phenomenal sale. Dr. King's New Discovery, for consumption, Coughs and Colds, each bottle guaranteed—Electric Bitters, the great remedy for Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, and Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are a perfect pill. All these remedies are guaranteed to do just what is claimed for them and the dealer whose name is attached herewith will be glad to tell you more of them. Sold at A. R. Fisher's Drug Store.

A GOOD BEAR STORY.

A TEAMSTER'S QUEER ADVENTURE
IN INDIAN TERRITORY.Knocked Over by a Silver Tip Dan and
Buried in the Snow—When She Came
Back for a Feast, the Larder Was Empty,
and the Situation Was Reversed.

Early in the fall of 1886 our regiment was ordered into the field against hostile Indians, and about the beginning of October we were encamped on Poplar creek, a tributary emptying into the Missouri from the north, about 60 miles distant from Fort Buford.

Our instructions required us to remain here until further orders should be received, and during these few days that we lay idle in camp the men amused themselves in various ways, but principally by organizing short hunting expeditions into the surrounding country. Our chief of teamsters was Henry Morgan, a good old round shot and one who had more than once brought down big game by his skill. He started off alone one morning just as a mild blizzard began to fly and openly declared that when he returned he would bring an antelope or a deer back with him, and perhaps both.

We saw him disappear in the direction of Mill creek with his rifle over his shoulder, but the narrative of his subsequent movements is best told by himself:

"I had gone perhaps three miles up the creek, and had as yet seen no signs of any wild animal, when all at once from behind a cottonwood log near a thick bunch of underbrush a long eared cottontail rabbit leaped nimbly into sight, and the next moment my shot laid him low.

"I hurried over to the spot and was leaning over to examine the animal when I felt a crash as if the whole canyon had exploded, and as I tumbled over in the snow my fast departing senses recognized a huge silver tip bear, whose powerful paw had been the author of my mischance.

"I lay there half stunned and badly bruised, with just enough consciousness left to observe what was going on around me.

"The old bear nosed and rolled me about, and finally succeeded in pushing and dragging me about 20 feet; then he pushed me down into a washout of the creek bottom and paved away until she had me almost covered with snow, brush and other trash. I had now recovered my senses, but as I could easily breathe through the loose pile that covered me I thought it safest to lie still and await the outcome.

"Completing my funeral arrangements, the bear walked about and sniffed a few times suspiciously at the spot, then by the sound of her satisfied snarls and growls growing fainter and less distinct I knew that she was moving off.

"When I considered she was far enough away, I crept out of the hole, shook myself free of the trash and then looked around for my gun.

"It was lying safe and little damaged near the log where I killed the cottontail, but was somewhat scratched and checked with snow.

"I first cleaned the piece out, placed it in good order and then went back to my involuntary grave, where I found the tracks made by brain to be quiet distinct and widely separated, showing that the bear had gone off down stream somewhat in a hurry. I suspected the old monster would be back sooner or later, so rearranging the cavity and storing the brush and trash as naturally as possible, I retired to a safe position behind the cottonwood log, which had been the scene of my first disaster, and sat down to wait.

"Perhaps three-quarters of an hour had passed when far down the open I saw the old mother with her cub trotting merrily at her heels, making all haste up stream toward my place of concealment. I kept as still as death and scarcely breathed, but got my rifle into position and nervously waited until the trio should come within easy range.

"On she came, rolling from side to side, and then I saw that her object was the hole in which I had been so unceremoniously buried.

"She hurried to the spot, growled something at the cub; then all three, cub and dam, began pawing and scratching the brush and trash aside and sending it in a perfect shower behind them. Finally the hole was scooped out clean, and then the old one, evidently comprehending that the promised dinner had escaped, lay back on her head and howled her woe to heaven.

"This was my first opportunity, and I fired with careful aim, the lead striking her in the lower part of the neck and causing her to pitch heavily forward. By the time I had placed a bullet in the fore shoulder of the largest cub the dam, with a mighty howl, regained her feet and savagely began to lick the wound of her bleeding offspring. I was perfectly cool now, and realizing that it was a matter of life or death with me I took another aim while the old one was poised on her hind legs nipping through her own wound and sent a bullet through her heart. The younger cub got away in the brush before I was ready for it, but the large one, who had already been wounded, I finished with another shot."—Philadelphia Times.

A Bicycle Groom.

Ladies on horseback should always be attended by a groom, according to the rules of society. Now the gentleman who is supposed to lead New York society pronounces that every lady cyclist must be duly accompanied by a groom on a bicycle. His own daughter sets the fashion.

"If a man loves a woman for her looks, he will love her for five years. If he loves her mind, he will love her for ten years. If he loves her heart, he will love her forever." And every woman believes when she marries that her lover loves her ways.

When They Meet and Part.

An Englishman salutes his friend with: "How do you do? Goodbye. Farewell." Similarly the Dutchman, "Vaar wel," and the Swede, "Farewell." A Frenchman says: "Bonjour! Au plaisir!"—i. e., "de vous revoir." An Italian, "Buon giorno! Addio! A rivederci!" A Spaniard, "Buenos dias! Adios! Hasta la vista!" (French "A revoir!") The Turk folds his arms and bows his head toward the person with whom he salutes. The common Arab says, "Salem aleikum!" ("Peace be with you.") He then lays his hands on his breast in order to show that the wish proceeds from his heart.



On entering his residence last evening Mr. Moneybags was "held up" and relieved of all his valuables.

—Arkansas Traveler.



Mrs. Growler: "I think we'd better move on, if we don't want our furs taken on storage."

—Life.

DAWSON'S NARROW ESCAPE.

He Couldn't Be Expelled From a No Work
Club For Obvious Reasons.

Bailey Dawson was in danger of being expelled from the Society of Christian Workers. The object of the society, as its name indicates, is to discourage endeavor of any character, and its members, who comprise such well known old residents as Colonel A. M. Babcock, A. N. Kellogg, founder of the newspaper publishing concern; Frank Parmelee of the law line, and others, are men who think they have done their work in life and now only ask for rest. They were trying the case, and to him Bailey made this plea:

But last week Colonel Babcock brought a serious charge against Bailey. He said he had gone to work; what is more, he had the evidence to prove it.

Things looked really badly for Bailey. The work was no harder than that involved in drawing the pay attached to a political office, but it was work, and he could not deny it. So he took refuge in technicalities. Mr. Kellogg was trying the case, and to him Bailey made this plea:

"If it pleases the court," he said, "the members of this society must not do any work of any kind?"

"They must not," replied Colonel Babcock sternly.

"They should not indulge in any kind of effort?"

"Certainly not," again interjected the colonel.

"They cannot consistently take action of any description?"

"They absolutely cannot."

"Then," said Bailey triumphantly, "I would like to know how they are going to expel a member; that means action." And President Kellogg sustained him, holding that it would be impossible constitutionally to even take a vote on the charges.—Chicago Tribune.

For a Sweet Breath.

Don't expect to have clean teeth or a sweet breath while there is a tinge of white on the tongue. It is an unmistakable evidence of indigestion. Drink our lemonade, eat ripe fruit and green vegetables for purgative, exercise freely, use plenty of water internally and externally, and keep up the treatment until the mouth is clean, healthy and red. Various things are suggested to counteract an unpleasant breath resulting from a bad tooth, wine or garlic scented dishes. Cinnamon, mint, creams,orris root, cloves, mastic resin and spruce gum will disguise some odors. Ten drops of tincture of myrrh in a glass of water will sweeten and refresh the mouth. A teaspoonful of spirits of camphor or peppermint in the same gargle is among the very best antiseptics, and a few drops of myrrh and camphor in the water are recommended in case of cold, throat trouble or any slight indisposition which may affect the breath.—Philadelphia Times.

YOUNG MOTHERS

We Offer You a Remedy Which
Insures Safety to Life of
Mother and Child.

"Mothers' Friend"

Relieves Constipation of Its Pain,
Horror and Risk.

After using one bottle of "Mothers' Friend" I suffered but little pain, and did not experience that weakness, dizziness, usual in such cases.—Mrs. ANNE GAGG, Baxter Springs, Kan.

Get it at all drug stores or on receipt of price 25c. by mail, book to Mothers mailed free. Sold by all druggists.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

THE KENTUCKY WOMAN.

There isn't a Farm House That
Can't Produce a Woman Fit
for a Throne.

THEY WERE BORN TO REIGN.

(Mr. Waterson in Courier-Journal.)

But the Kentucky woman! (Who is that saying "now you are playing cards?") The Kentucky woman has not her like on the face of the globe. Journey through the Bluegrass country and a plain girl is the exception; an ugly one impossible. There is something in the blue of the grass that makes blue in the blood; something in the limestone water that vitalizes and beautifies all physical life. Look at the horses. Look at the horsemen. But the women; there isn't a farm-house that can't produce a woman, who, if she should step thence upon a throne, wouldn't stand there, or sit there, as though she were born to it. They are quite as self-confident as the men; though after a different pattern. They have beauty and health. They have charm. They have style. They have quick perceptions, and they catch the fleeting fashion of the time—they dress well—walk well—ride well—and if you think they were not born to reign as well as to shine—marry one of them!

The horses are well enough. They set the pace the world over. The whisky is well enough. Drink in moderation, and with sugar in your'n, as we drink it, it yields a liberal education. The tobacco is well enough. They smuggle it into Havana, and whilst it has made Cuba's fame—a distinction we can afford the Queen of the Antilles—it brings us an income which makes the cotton planters weep and the very sugar canes to bow their heads in homage. Yet, after all, our crown of glory is the Kentucky woman; and whether she sweeps down Broadway, on a sunny October afternoon, heading London and Paris out of sight, and blinding Father Knickerbocker's eyes with her radiance, or whether she rides cross country, taking Elkorn at a leap, or bewitching the best waters of Eagle, in simple calico, she wears the blue ribbon; nor English rose; nor Grecian statue; nor Star of the North; nor bird of Paradise can make her to take the second place!

But enough of this. Kentucky has glory, enough, and to spare. History bristles with her statesmen, her soldiers and orators. Tradition blazes with the deeds of her daughters and her sons, and in the matter of pedigree, man and brute are equally secure. In days when prowess was the rule and measure of civilization, Kentucky led the van. But times change and men must change with them. The days of splendid barbarism have gone. They have gone never to return. The Kentuckians of the Twentieth century must adapt himself to the Twentieth century.

The English people are not less a brave people because they have laid aside their side-arms. They have not degenerated because they compel by public opinion the laws to be enforced. Nor shall we be, if we follow their example. We need a law a few more judges and a few less niggers, that is to say, we need to put sterner men on the bench and better men in the jury box. Never mind that buck-jumping demagogue up there in Cincinnati. He is the merest secker after popularity and notoriety. Our duty to the commonwealth and to ourselves remains ever the same, and if we are true to both—true to Kentucky—we shall begin to cast about how to wipe out the one blot on our escutcheon, disregard of law and indifference to the good opinion of mankind.

Carlton Cornwell, foreman of the Gazette, Middletown, N. J., believes that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy should be in every home. He used it for a cold and it effected a speedy cure. He says: "It is indeed a grand remedy, I can recommend to all. I have also seen it used for whooping cough, with the best results." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport, Ky., and Kincheloe and Board, Hardinsburg, Ky.

Little But Loud.

It is understood that the State Meeting of the Christian Church in Kentucky will be held in Stanford on August 3. This is a very large gathering, and one neighbor will have within her gate all the people she can comfortably take care of. But her hospitality is unbounded, and with the assistance of the country churches which are quite numerous in Lincoln, "the brethren" will be entertained and sent on their way rejoicing.

The above is from the Lancaster Record, which does not reckon without its cost. Stanford will entertain and do it in the best way, all who may come among us. We are little, but oh, Lord, we are loud.—Interior Journal.

To say something is one thing; to prove it is another. We can't prove that Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey is the best cough remedy on earth unless you will try it. If you do this and don't agree with us you get your money back. For sale by Short & Haynes, Cloverport; Dr. B. H. McMullin, McDaniels; M. Meyer & Co., Burns; Geo. Heyser, Constantine; A. Taylor, Rosetta; Drury, Bennett & Co., Bewleyville, Ky.; W. E. Brown, Irvington, Ky.; Jno. P. Nichols, Garfield, Ky.; A. R. Morris, Big Spring, Ky.

Guff's Decisions.

FRANKFORT, Ky., Jan. 15.—Judge Guff's first opinions on the bench of court of appeals were handed down today. Of the eight opinions delivered by all the judges sitting, Judge Guff delivered three. They, however, were of no importance to the public generally.

A Penitentiary Crime.

West Virginia has a law which makes habitual drunkenness a felony and it is to be tested in the case of a man just arrested at Parkersburg. It ought to be made a penitentiary crime, charged on men to get drunk and make dogs and demons of themselves.—Interior Journal.

LOUISVILLE MARKET REPORTS

Correctly weekly by Humphrey & Lauffer, Produce Commission Merchants, Second St., bet. Main and Market, Louisville, Ky.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Jan. 22, 1899.

Shippers should mark all packages plainly, with shipper's name and post-office address.

BUTTER.

Choice, country	12 @ 13
Medium	10 @ 11
Creamery	30 @ 35
Free	18 @ 19

BEANS.

Michigan, hand picked	to 22 1/2
adams	17 1/2 to 20 00
Old or Common and colored	100 to 120

FEATHERS.

Prime, white geese	35 @ 38
Mixed	25 @ 30
Old	15 @ 20
No. 1 duck	25 @ 30

GAME.

Rabbits per doz.	1 00
Squirrels per doz.	60

HIDES.

Green, foot	4 1/2 @ 5 1/2
Dry dist, good	7 1/2 @ 7 1/2
Sheep skins	20 @ 40

POULTRY.

Hens per lb	6 @ 6 1/2
Ducks	6 @ 7
Turkeys alive	7 @ 7 1/2
Turkeys dressed	6 @ 10

DRIED APPLES AND FRUITS.

Apples, choice bright quarters	5 1/2 @ 6
Apples, average	4 1/2 @ 5
Apples, old	4 @ 5
Peaches, new	4 @ 5
Peaches, old	4 @ 5

WOOL.

Tab-washed	21 @ 21 1/2
Grease, fine	13 @ 16
Grease, medium	12 @ 15
Merino	10 @ 12
Bury and Cuts	8 @ 12

MISCELLANEOUS.

Tallow	@ 4 1/2
Beeswax	@ 20
Sorghum Molasses	30 @ 35

HAY, GRAIN, FEED.

We quote prices to-day on Louisville city wharf.

OATS.

No. 2, extra	32 @ 35
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HAY.

Strictly choice	10 00 @ 12 00
Choice No. 2	11 00 @ 12 00
Good Medium	10 00 @ 11 00
Good Bright Straw	4 50 @ 5

CORN.

Choice white	@ 42 1/2
Choice shelled	@ 46 1/2

CATFISH.

Good to extra shipping	4 00 @ 4 25
Light shipping	3 50 @ 4 00
Best Butcher	3 40 @ 3 65
Medium to good butch	3 00 @ 3 25

HOGS.

Choice packing and butchers	4 90 @ 5 00
Fair to good	4 85 @ 4 90
Rough	4 50 @ 4 75
Shots and pigs 100 lbs and under	4 75 @ 5 00

SHEEP.

Good to extra shipping	2 00 @ 2 25
Fair to good	2 75 @ 3 50
Good to extra spring	4 50 @ 4 75
Fair to good	2 50 @ 4 00

Louisville, St. Louis & Texas R. R. Co.

NO. 24.

TIME SCHEDULE

Taking Effect

At 6:00 o'clock A. M. Sunday, Dec. 30, 1894

8:04	9:02	Brandenburg	11:33	6:58
8:13	9:11	Racon	11:22	6:48
8:22	9:20	London	11:11	6:38
8:30	9:30	Irvington	11:05	6:30
8:38	9:38	Webster	10:50	6:14
8:47	9:47	Union	10:40	6:04
8:55	9:55	Pierce	10:41	5:57
9:00	10:00	Sample	10:37	5:58
9:09	10:09	Stearns	10:30	5:49
9:14	10:14	Albion	10:23	5:40
9:18	10:20	Holt	10:20	5:36
9:24	10:24	Clayton	10:15	5:30
9:31	10:31	Shops	10:10	5:21
9:34	10:34	Shawmans	10:07	5:18
9:41	10:42	Shawmans	9:57	5:09
10:02	11:09	Petree	9:29	4:51
10:10	11:10	Shawmans	9:20	4:42
10:18	11:20	Cayce	9:19	4:43
10:18	11:21	Lewisport	9:11	4:36
10:24	11:24	Shawmans	9:04	4:30
10:28	11:28am	Pates	8:49	4:08
10:33	11:26pm	Owensboro	8:30	4:00
10:44	11:28	Shawmans	8:20	3:47
10:54	11:28	Griffith	8:09	3:41
11:09	11:27	Waverly	6:16	3:37
11:18	11:27	Shawmans	6:07	3:30
11:33	11:42	Reeds	7:30	3:23
11:33	11:42	Spottsville	7:24	3:15
11:38	11:45	ar. Henderson's Nv	7:32	2:55